





Susan Fraind, '76

By the road, upright, slightly tilted, and fatigued

If the small tree
is full of summer,
and holding a few bare branches
into the sky above the
middle cloak of green

like so many quiet memories,
of the foot in front of itself;
come in upon each other—

non-plussed in so much
humility and mundane.

So the deep green of August
is like the deep sigh of so
many southern summers
drooping, pointed foliage
curving in, and with all the
dust of grassy roadsides
paleness bursting forth
in so much blossom and tears

Debra Branham '73

The constant grind of the wheels begins to pound in my ears. The miles we have travelled increases; the tracks reach up and grab the rotating cogs of the wheels. The atmosphere incites thought and once provoked, I am removed. To drift is a rather pleasant sensation. Drifting through the clouds lends the feeling of weightlessness. I once was stranded on a cloud somewhere over the mediterranean. It was a very nice sort of cloud, isolated from the others in a bizarre sort of way. There were all shapes and forms of tiny pockets in which I could hide my face from passing planes. I hide my face a lot these days. Reality is supposed to exist in the air giving one a nauseated sort of feeling; the queasy, dizzying sickness that sweeps through your blood and knocks you off your feet if for only a moment. Nausea—that's a good word! Sartre used it to describe the effects of the elusiveness of reality. Things began to lose their meaning in shape and distinctiveness. Antoine's vision acquired a blurred characteristic but Antoine was my friend. He handed me my nausea one day on a gilded platter and now I wish I could give it back to him. Of course, sitting on this cloud takes away my nausea but that is only because there is nothing to eat or drink up here. The world consists of one big bowl of cotton candy—cherry, banana, orange, raspberry. I like black licorice, though. I—stop. There are no I's, he's, she's or it's here just cloud. What is this essence of being that is called man or me? What will I call this thing that covers the length of this cloud; this thing that can touch, breathe, see, hear and smell—capable of movement? This thing that grows out of the depths of my inner brain with a fleshy surface possessing arms, legs, fingers and toes—like sticks growing out of a long straight tree—branches? What will become of the tools I have tucked away within me in which I could populate the face of the world? Sterility, perhaps? The soft edges of the cloud invite erection just by the mere touch of their billowly substance upon my covering. Can I shed this covering? One thing at a time my dear _____. Sprawled upon the floor of this cloud my fountain rises and injects the atmosphere with its life giving serum and now i it he she or me is dead. A very sad pathetic looking thing. Bent to one side it says adios with one last spurt and a cough. . . goodnight sweet prince.

Baltimore, Baltimore . . . next stop is Baltimore. Passengers departing at Baltimore please move to the rear of the train.

Marcy Rogers, '73

Paul I

Paul lingers
about me
years and years,
Silently following
and I follow him.

Edged with times favor,
we linger
long and leisurely
comfortably
spiritually.

Easing in and out of.
Balancing
dangling
depending on years.

Paul and me.



Paul II

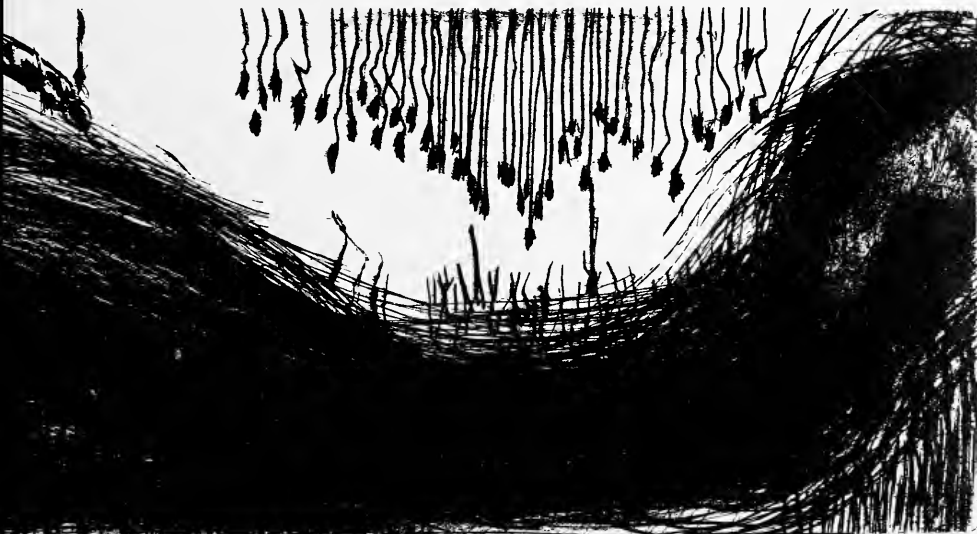
Skin, glances, gestures, senses,
brush
beckon
beg.

Me, chambered, compact.

Paul, awaiting sacraments set on horizons.

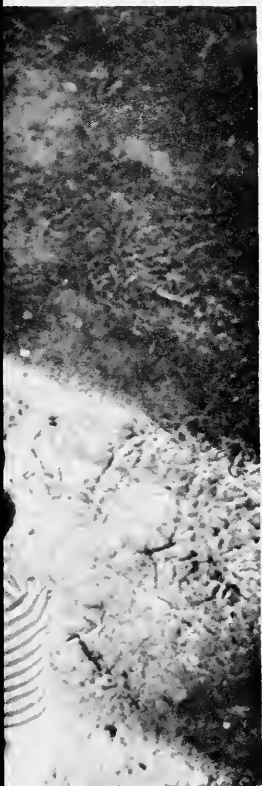
Paul and me, surfacing.
These years.

Sharon Nixon, '75



Stephanie Carr, '73





Susan Riccio, '73

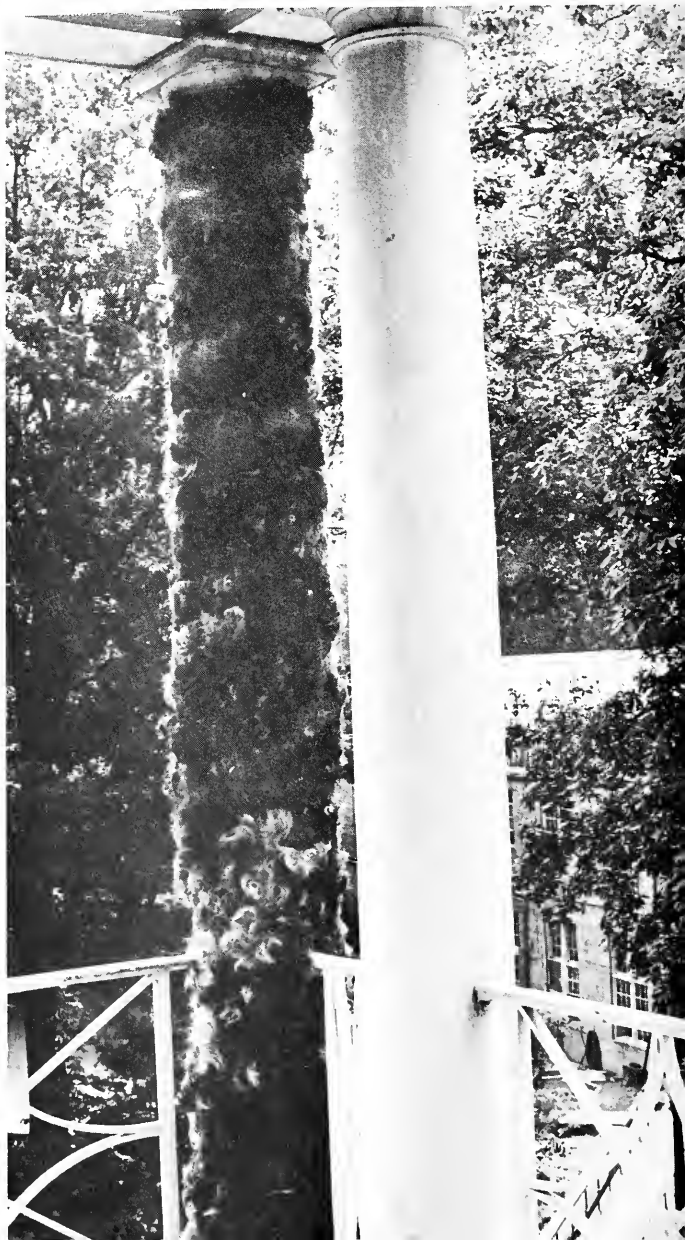
Panegyrics to paste up at this door:
oh, weaver of words and singer of songs
come and let the new calypso suckle the new gods
and raise us from this waste,
to frolic among the ribald ecclers,
to love this slippery mass of
half-congealed life,
to hold it to ourselves until there is no
difference,
to dance with a wellfleshed shadow that is
our own
and to hear the runic secret
told by a moocow.

Debby Williams, '73



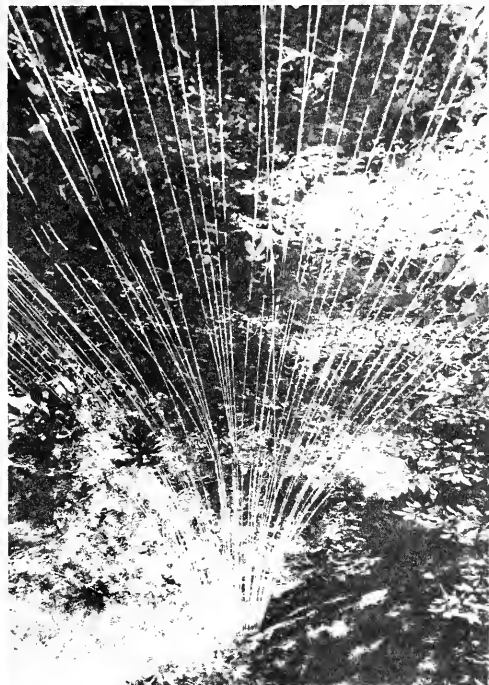


The summer experiment in conceptual art concerned itself with total experience, the assemblage of each "experiment" being as vital as the end result. Each creation was an event, and like an event, existed only for a time in space. The works represented here are merely captured in photographs. We are unable to experience the excitement of the doing, as were the fortunate artists.



by T. Ferguson Cowan, '74

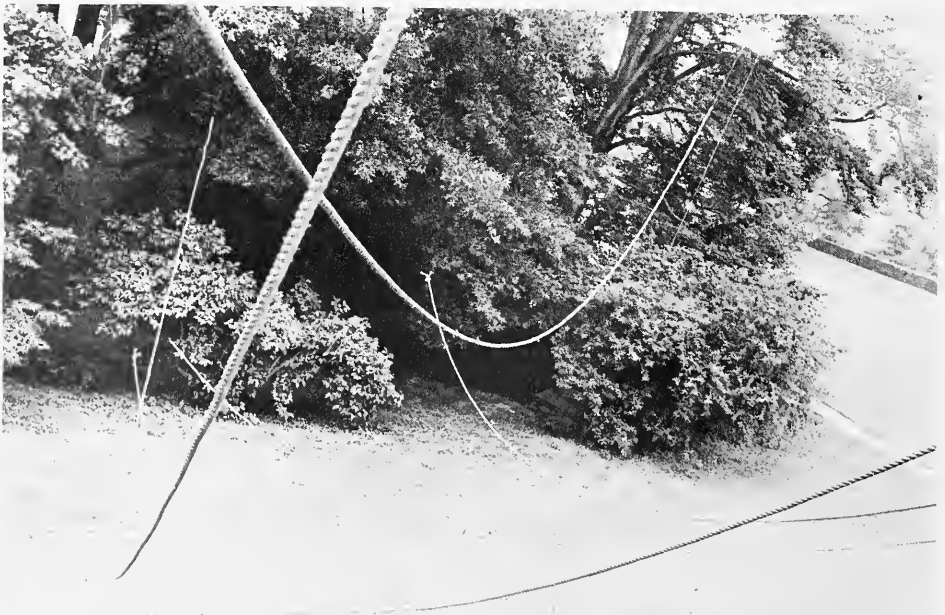




Taketo Ohtani

such small boys
swimming out to their mainline—the sea
they love her and her speech.
they take great care in their precious
 talks.
they edit the wood with wax
 to perfect their sentences.
once out in the wet,
they chose their salty words, carefully
then venture on a marine high
some she chooses to suck into
 her womb.
it is either for advice or
to continue the conversation
 forever.

Ellen Butler, '76



... But by analyzing, distinguishing man's mental functions, the age old philosophical conundrums that have confounded man from time immemorial are explained. Take for example the antimony between free will and determinism. Merely a matter of ego states. Be it the child ego state, i.e., what a person feels, that is cathected, i.e., energized, then we have freedom albeit experience. Be it the adult ego state, i.e., reason that is cathected, we have determinism. Both are separate and mutually exclusive, the one not invalidating the other. To monistically presuppose the absence of either creates the conundrums. You can not sacrifice freedom albeit experience to reason anymore than sacrifice reason to spirit. Philosophy faults when it tries to fit 2 pegs in 1 hole. The same applies to objectivism vs subjectivism, a priori vs a posteriori, Jamesian Pragmatism vs Deweyian Pragmatism, the noumena vs the phenomena, the I Thou of Buber vs the I It. Behaviorism attempts to ignore freedom by accounting for it rationally. But how can you explain freedom? It is as absurd as trying to explain experience (which by definition can only be experienced). One can only experience experience and to try to explain it is to 'explain', not experience. Case in point the mystic who strikes his disciple's head for asking 'reasonable' questions. He wants definition. Mysticism is the emptying of reason and experiencing the world totally and new from moment to moment. The strike on the head is akin to Heideggerian realization of death to motivate oneself into freedom, i.e., experience. The sages proverbial nonsense is aimed to free the pupil from his rational confinements to experience the world. That is Satori. Husserl's 'thing in itself' hints of the child ego state as Sartre's 'thing for itself'. Pills and hospitals that merely quiet behavior and impose a regulatory structure, disallow the emotionally disturbed person his freedom, which is the only possible means of helping him. What they do is control symptoms, change behavior, much the way one would teach a dog to roll over, or an elephant to stand on its hind legs. Conditioning, i.e., motor response not rooted in feeling, is not akin to living, though living can include motor responses. We are conditioned, i.e., socialized but never to the exclusion of our freedom. We are acted upon, not enacted. The controller who puts out so much energy attempting to control is more controlled than the subject of his controls by not admitting his lack of control over the obstinate controllee. Remember, Wittgenstein used to like to go to cowboy movies and sit front row center. You bore me.

John Sansone, '72
excerpt from Two in One



Medusa

Al Buck, '73

Moonchild and the other weebegones
are
dancing on a tipsy horizon
passing through avatars
of eternity
experiential sadness
glowing on their features; candlelike,
serene
Pieta
looks on as young virgins
are mudslung and ravished
they will move on . . .
sliding through fleshmounds
the nerveworks of a body lighted with remorse
choking down strangled heartcries
and
looking on in silence
as the Moonchild dances with her own shadow.

Debby Williams, '73

Alone, alone, alone was she,
Pausing before her bed.
All was quiet—except her mind,
which was waxing and winding
its way through the cobwebs
of her thoughts.

Alone, alone, alone was she,
Pausing before her bed.
She dreamed of him
who was far away,
away, away from her
since dream was all she could.

Alone, alone, alone was she,
Pausing before her bed.
One is company enough—
she had always thought;
but now she wanted two.

Two is that magical number:
Two arms, two legs, two lips,
Two hands, two eyes, two lovers—
How she longed to look at him,
To touch, touch him, to reach him . . .

To know him, to understand him,
To have him understand her.
To hold him in her arms and
know from gazing in his eyes,
that words did not matter.
Did she love him?
She did not know,
but guessed it might
be so.

Did he love her?
She did not know,
but hoped it might
be so.

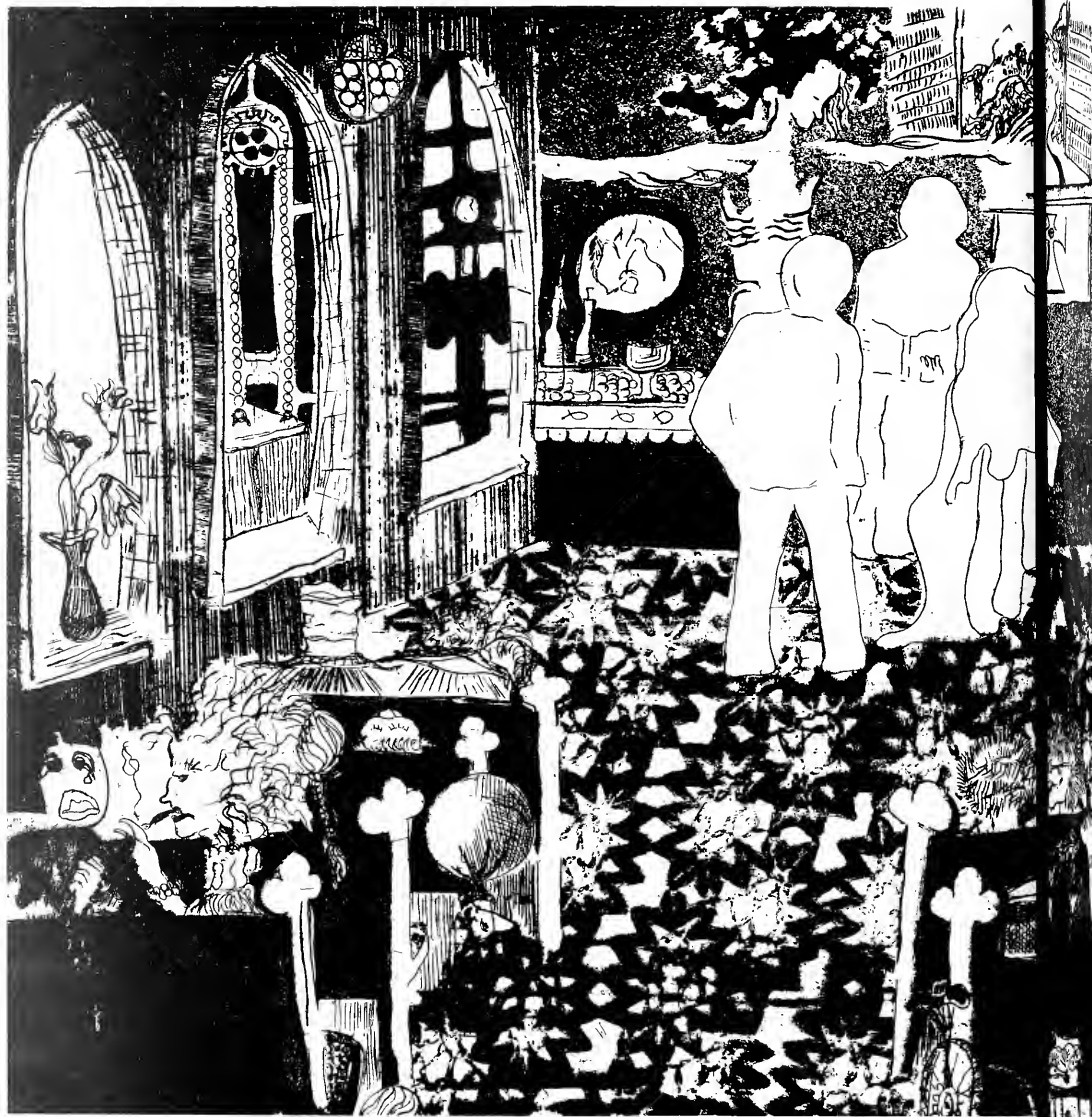
Alone, alone, alone was she,
Pausing before her bed.
She sighed and slipped the sheets.
To dream of him again tonight,
For dream was all she could.



Susan Riccio, '73

a drop of water blends into a stream
following yet free
simple in itself while part of a complex system
as a single note within a symphony
willingly submitting in search of harmony
and strength
sliding over
smooth
and stoney places
having a base but not a hold

Nancy Arcuri, '74



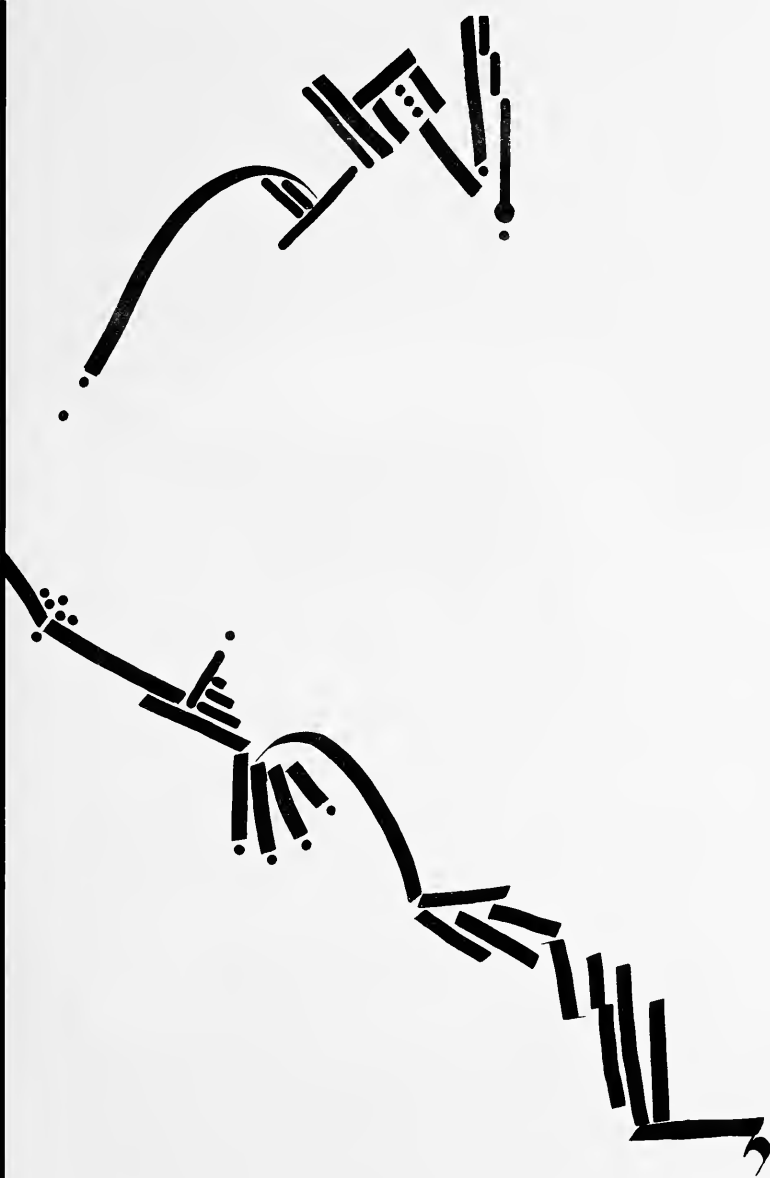


Sue Hughes, '73

He portrayed the poetic fool
And personified the artistic, philosophical soul—
Himself—a complex person
with a myriad of faces and moods.
Though an actor—he is
Playing his parts so as to touch his audience
He has to defy his human instinct
In wanting to protect his own emotions.
But it is his job to share with others
What they themselves perhaps won't reveal—
the deepest secrets of their character.
Yet he battles within himself
Hiding behind each role.
Still—his make-up isn't his only mask . . .
The lines on his face etch the scenes of life
And as he struggles for recognition
He reflects on the irony of his career
In knowing that his greatest part—
was the portrayal of himself.

Sue Meador, '76





Kathy Wetzel, '76

Pursuit for Yeats

Adorned with age, graceful in time
I long for dusk's dark secrets.
Youth-in-whole weeping kisses
and the magic of a pale, soft,
finely boned woman.

To flirt with the grasp that holds
and perches to haunt.
Tentacles turn to tendrils to warm.
Drinking solemnly, youthfully
from a chalice adorned with jeweled
fantasies violet, lying in the grass.
I praise you perfectly
gently near I go.

Sharon Nixon, '75





Jill Hanney, '73

humble gum

a wad
of pink is
churning inside
pink cheeks—chomped—
manipulated, stretched
by an artful tongue — is
blown — swells
becoming larger as
more air is blown—
growing larger . . .
u n t i l
a sheet of pink covers red cheeks

Nancy Arcuri, '74



Stephanie Carr, '73

Aubade Vol. 3 no. 1, Autumn 1972
Mary Washington College

Co-editors: Betty Joyce Nash
Martha Menk

Business: Leslie Larson

Publicity: Dominique Protomastro

Staff: Chris Banas
Camille Crombie
Marjorie Walsh
Debbie Murphy
Jane Perini
Julie Shaw
Ann Wells

Advisors: Mrs. Nancy Mitchell
Mr. Taketo Ohtani

Special thanks to Thomas Mann and our advisors.

